



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

—like Night, and Achilles seems to Priam like the star Sirius on the extremity of the plain. These two Similes are admirably true to the Imagination, but give little more than a *hint* of the actual bodily image; though in Pope's *terrific* maltreatment of the latter simile it is neither true to mind or eye. The more we reflect on such Similes as the last, the more deeply we recognize their intrinsic truth; the longer we contemplate a Simile of mere Fancy, the more we perceive its resemblance to be casual, contingent, and not founded in the nature of the two things brought into parallel. That resemblance which is one to Sight only, *may* be acknowledged by one man and denied by another; it *may* be perceptible in Asia and imperceptible in Europe; but a Simile founded on moral relations will be true, and felt to be true, wherever man is not wholly barbarous, throughout the world and during all time.

"It is seldom that any man can be supposed to possess either of these faculties to the absolute exclusion of the other; yet it is perhaps not improper to characterize many of the eminent poets by that *one* which predominates in their works. Hence we may say that there is more of Fancy in Sophocles, more of Imagination in Æschylus; so more of the first in Horace, more of the last in Lucretius; the same again of Ariosto, as compared with Dante; and we may, with great accuracy, call Cowley a fanciful, and Milton an imaginative, poet; whilst both epithets must be given where they are both most due, to our single Shakespeare alone. Be this distinction, however, sound or not in point of metaphysical truth, I am persuaded the principle involved in it will be found if borne in mind, a very useful rule for, or aid to, a discriminating criticism."

This is a subject upon which we have expended a good deal of time and thought ourselves, but the result of our lucubrations shall, probably, come before the public in another shape.

The Family Library, No. XIII. *British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects*. Vol. 3. Murray, London.

WE like this even better than the two preceding volumes of the same series. It is devoted to the British Sculptors, and is written with great ability and impartial judgment; full of moral interest and instruction, not only to the lovers of art, but also to the general reader, who will become acquainted by its perusal with as noble instances of untiring energy, and devotion to a noble profession, as any, perhaps, that could be found in the whole range of ancient and modern biography. Verily, the lives of those great artists afford the most abundant evidence of the humanizing effect of the Fine Arts on the human mind. We do not know where we should look for more perfectly lovable characters than most of them—the great ones particularly. Flaxman was as little inferior to Canova in all the christian virtues, as he was in genius. A portrait of this great artist and excellent man, is prefixed to the volume. It is not a highly finished plate, but it is after Jackson, and therefore, we may be assured, a good likeness: indeed we know it of ourselves to be so. It is a noble head—full of intellect, and all the virtues; the forehead, and indeed the whole of the upper part, reminds us forcibly of Petrie, our fa-

vourite Dublin Artist. It has been our happy fortune to have had some acquaintance with both, and to know that not only in the outward conformation of their heads, but in the domestic virtues of the heart, they bore a striking resemblance: in both the fire of genius was, in one it still is, tempered by that amiable benevolence and native kindness of disposition which throws such a mild and captivating lustre round the path of virtuous talent. There are also engraved portraits of all the other sculptors, save one, whose lives compose the volume, viz: Gibbons, Cibber, Banks, Roubiliac, Nollekens, (with his miserly mouth, and yet a good head,) Bacon, and the Honorable Mrs. Damer. They are all authentic, engraved on steel, and sufficiently well executed. Of Wilton there is no portrait. The discarding the woodcuts from this work, as we recommended on the appearance of the first volume, has been judicious and praiseworthy.

Though all the memoirs which this volume contains, are full of interest and instruction, (the rather as from Allan Cunningham's peculiar position with Chantrey, he has been enabled to do even more ample justice, perhaps, to the lives of the Sculptors than to those of the Painters,) we must confine ourselves to one, and we naturally select that of Flaxman, the last and best in a volume in which all are good.—We have grouped our extracts together, so as to form even in our brief epitome, a sort of personal sketch of the man, and of his rise and progress, so far at least as to the fixing of his fame:—

"From childhood Flaxman was of a serene temper and enthusiastic mind. His weakness prevented him from associating with boys of his own age, and he had to seek amusement through many a solitary hour for himself. In a little stuffed chair, raised so high that he could just see over the counter, he usually sat during the day, with books around and paper and pencils before him, reading one hour and making drawings in black chalk another. His mother was frequently in the shop watching with her husband over the health and education of her patient little favourite. His grave but cheerful deportment, his thirst for knowledge and his love of drawing, began to attract the notice of the customers, and as the customers of a figure-dealer are generally people of some information and taste, they could not avoid perceiving that this was no common child; they took pleasure in looking at his drawings, in hearing him describe such books as he read, and in the rapture of his looks when, in their turn, they began to talk of poets and sculptors, and heroes. It was discovered too that, child as he was, he had not confined himself to the copying of figures around him, but had dived into Homer, and attempted to think and design for himself. The legends of our studios say that he was sometime under the direction of Roubiliac, who declared he saw no symptoms of talent about him. But this could not well be: Flaxman was but seven years old when the other died, and was, besides, so weak of body that he could not move without crutches. The story had its origin in the circumstance of his father showing some of his sketches to the Frenchman, who said they were remarkable as the productions of a child, but gave no other encouragement. But it is idle to speculate on the works of a child of seven years old; what could they be but crude feeble scratches?

"He very early," says one of his biogra-

phers, 'gave indications of that observation and love for works of art for which he was distinguished in maturer life. His father was going to see the procession at the coronation of George the Third, and the child begged earnestly that he would bring him one of the medals which were to be thrown to the populace. He was not fortunate enough to get one; but on his way home happening to find a plated button bearing the stamp of a horse and jockey, rather than wholly disappoint his little boy, who was then in a very delicate state of health, he ventured to deceive him, and gave him the button. The young virtuoso took it and was thankful, but remarked it was a very odd device for a coronation medal. He was then five years old. At this age he was fond of examining the seals of every watch he saw, whether belonging to friend or stranger, and kept a bit of soft wax to take an impression of any which pleased him.'

"Of all who noticed the talents of the boy, the most distinguished was the Reverend Mr. Mathew—a person of feeling and taste—the same who afterwards aided Flaxman in befriending Blake. 'I went,' said the divine, 'to the shop of old Flaxman to have a figure repaired, and whilst I was standing there I heard a child cough behind the counter. I looked over and there I saw a little boy seated on a small chair, with a large chair before him, on which lay a book he was reading. His fine eyes and beautiful forehead interested me, and I said, 'What book is that?' He raised himself on his crutches, bowed and said, 'Sir, it is a Latin book, and I am trying to learn it.' 'Aye, indeed?' I answered, 'you are a fine boy; but this is not the proper book—I'll bring you a right one to-morrow.' I did as I promised, and the acquaintance thus casually begun ripened into one of the best friendships of my life. The child is the mental as well as bodily image of the man. All those who had the honour of knowing Flaxman will join with me in saying that his extreme courtesy and submissive deference to others were natural and not assumed: as he was in his first interview with Mathew, so was he to mankind when his name, like that of the hero of the old romance, 'had waxed wide.' The solitary child laboured at his books and models incessantly. 'He made,' one of his biographers assures us, 'a great number of small models in plaster of Paris, wax and clay: some of these are still preserved, and have considerable merit; they were certainly promises of that genius and talent displayed in after years.'

"A great and salutary change took place in his tenth year. He had been hitherto weak and ailing; his studies had been repeatedly interrupted by long fits of illness, and unable to move without crutches, he had seen little of the green fields, and shared in none of the sports natural to boys of his age. A flush of health came upon him at once; he grew strong, lively and active; the crutches were thrown aside, never to be resumed; and full of a new spirit, he thought of nothing but adventures such as happen to heroes of romance, and longed to have opportunities of showing his generosity and courage. A perusal of that enchanting book, *Don Quixote*, a tall folio, 'translated by sundry wits of Oxford,' wrought this enchantment upon him. 'He was so much delighted with the amiable though eccentric hero,' observes a biographer, 'and his account of the duties and honourable perils of knight-errantry,'

that he thought he could not do better than sally forth to right wrongs and redress grievances. Accordingly, one morning early, unknown to any one, armed with a little French sword, he set out, without a squire, in search of adventures which he could not find. After wandering about Hyde Park the whole day without meeting enchanter or distressed damsel, he returned home rather ashamed of his romantic flight, and never again sought to emulate the exploits of him of *La Mancha*, though he always retained a great admiration of his character.' This family legend lends some countenance to a story which I may relate without attesting. Flaxman, it is said, was one day describing a statue remarkable for the truth of its proportions, and more for its heroic beauty, which he had seen somewhere in Italy, and wishing to give a clear idea of it, put himself into the position of the figure, and holding up his hand and extending his right arm, said, 'Look, my lord at me.' The diminutive stature and disproportioned body of the great sculptor supply the ludicrous of a tale which more will laugh at than fully believe.

"When health and strength came, Flaxman seems to have made up his mind to follow sculpture. He modelled and drew most assiduously; his father's shop was his academy, and the antique statues which it contained supplied him with form and proportion; their serenity of sentiment presented something akin to his own emotions. If it be true that Roubiliac said he saw no symptoms of genius about our artist's boyish compositions, he was not more fortunate in another artist, to whom in a moment of confidence, he showed a drawing of a human eye: 'Is it an oyster?' enquired Mortimer. The joke of the jester made a deep impression upon the sensitive boy, and he resolved to show no more attempts of either modelling tool or pencil to those who consider it wisdom to humble the enthusiasm of youthful genius. His belief in his own talent was not to be shaken by a few light words; the feeling of internal power had come early upon him; and when he sat, a lonely child with his crutches beside him, reading of poets, heroes, and ancient worthies, he had resolved to attempt something by which his name also might be continued to the world.

"In his tenth year he lost his mother, whose death it is said, was the beginning of her husband's prosperity. He set his affairs in good order, ventured to lease a larger shop in the Strand, and, as London was not then swarming with foreign adventurers in the same line, his profits were such as enabled him to maintain his household respectably. He ventured—I know not how soon—a little farther; taking unto himself a second wife, whose maiden name was Gordon. She proved prudent and kindly—treated his two sons with great tenderness, and in due time gave them a sister. Of his step-mother Flaxman has been heard to speak with affection; respecting his own mother he was silent: whom he could not safely praise he refrained from mentioning. Some time after he had attracted the attention of Mr. Mathew, he was introduced to that gentleman's wife, a gifted and agreeable woman, the companion of Mrs. Montague, Mrs. Chapone, and Mrs. Barbauld. He was some eleven years old when he first saw this fascinating lady in Rathbone Place; and to her house he thenceforth frequently repaired during the evenings to hear her read Homer and Virgil, and discourse upon

sculpture and verse. 'At this house,' says one of his biographers, 'where he was for many years a welcome visitor, he passed frequent evenings in very enlightened and delightful society: here he was encouraged in studying the dead languages, so necessary to him in his profession: by acquiring these he learned to think with the authors, and to embody the ideas of Homer, Hesiod and Æschylus in a manner that no modern artist has exceeded.' That Flaxman ever attained the scholarship of a *Fuseli*, no one has yet pretended; that he knew something of the Greek bards in the original is, however, certain; and it is probable that he helped his deficiencies out, as Pope is said to have done, by the common translations. His mode of education was very desultory; he attended no college; he distinguished himself in no eminent seminary; he gathered his knowledge from many sources, and mastered what he wanted by some of those ready methods which form part of the inspiration of genius.

"It is said that Mrs. Mathew read Homer, and commented on the pictorial beauty of his poetry, while Flaxman sat beside her embodying such passages as caught his fancy. Those juvenile productions still exist, and are touched, and that not slightly, with the quiet loveliness and serene vigour manifested long afterwards in his famous illustrations of the same poet. The taste displayed in these induced Mr. Crutchely, of Sunning Hill Park, to commission from him a set of drawings in black chalk, about four and twenty inches high. The subjects, six in number, are all from antiquity: first, The Blind *Œdipus* conducted by his daughter, *Antigone*, to the Temple of the Furies; second, *Diomedes* and *Ulysses* seizing *Dolon* as a spy; third, The Lamentation of the Trojans over the body of *Hector*; fourth, *Alexander* taking the cup from *Philip*, his physician; fifth, *Alcestis* taking leave of her children to preserve the life of their father; sixth, *Hercules* releasing *Alcestis* from the Infernal Regions and restoring her to her husband. The praise bestowed on those early and imperfect works was grateful to the young artist; friends, more merciful or more wise in their criticisms than Mortimer, now foretold his future eminence. But fame, they warned him, was not to be attained without serious study, and assiduously working in the spirit of his own nature,—by musing on the heroic and lofty, and seeking to stamp on his conceptions that universal beauty acknowledged by all nations."

"He was now known at the academy as an assiduous and enthusiastic student. His small slim form—his grave and thoughtful looks—his unwearied application and undoubted capacity won upon the hearts of all who watched him, and he began to be spoken of as one from whom much was to be expected. His chief companions were *Blake* and *Stothard*: in the wild works of the former he saw much poetic elevation, and in those of the latter that female loveliness and graceful simplicity which have given his name a distinguished place amongst the worthies of art. With *Blake*, in particular, he loved to dream and muse, and give shape, and sometimes colour, to those thickcoming fancies in which they both partook. I have spoken of colour, for during his teens he made some attempts in oil colours, and with such success, that one of those pictures—an *Œdipus* and *Antigone*—was lately sold by

auction for a *Belisarius* of *Dominichino*. Painters, we know, frequently model figures before they paint them; and it might be Flaxman's wish to see how his designs looked in colour before he modelled them—as was, indeed, the undoubted practice of the Greek artists. 'It seems to me (says Wilkie, in a letter written during his recent visit to Rome,) as if the artists of old began first to learn to paint and then to work in marble. There is such an artist-like freedom in the working of the material, that it reminds me of what we call surface in a picture, and such a perfect knowledge of the effect of light and shadow on that surface, that the hard stone is made to indicate sharpness and softness with as much ease as we see it done in a picture by *Correggio*. Sculpture and painting seem much less allied now than in the time of the Greeks, when statues and bas-reliefs were painted, or in partly-coloured marble, and when pictures were coloured sculptures in every thing but the flat surface.' Of the accuracy of these views no one could be more sensible than Flaxman. But he never carried his admiration of the antique so high as to work his statues in partly coloured marble, or to paint and gild them as both Greeks and Goths did. He allowed the plain pure marble to tell its own story, and smiled at the cunning of *Canova*, who tinged his statues yellow to anticipate time, and coloured the cheeks of his *Hebe* to imitate the bloom of nature.

"Having in his fifteenth year gained the silver medal at the Royal Academy, Flaxman became, in due time, a candidate for the gold one, the reward of the highest merit. One who knew him at this period thus described him to me as he appeared amongst the students. 'Though little, and apparently weak of body, he was both active and strong—a match for most of his companions in feats of agility, and more than a match in all that regarded genius. He had an earnest enthusiastic look, and the uncommon brightness of his eyes and fineness of his forehead were not to be soon forgotten. His fellow-students perceived his merit—the grave, the mild, and the proud boy was generally respected; and when he became, in opposition to *Engleheart*, a candidate for the gold medal, all the probationers and students cried, Flaxman! Flaxman!' The poetic *Banks* was worsted in a similar strife by *Bacon*, but it was the fortune of Flaxman to be vanquished by a more inglorious opponent."

"Though he had missed the honour which he coveted and deserved at the hands of the Royal Academy, his friends did not therefore lessen their confidence in his talents. Mr. Knight, of Portland Place, commissioned him to make a statue of *Alexander the Great* in marble, and the sculptor, at this time no skillful worker in that material, if indeed he ever became such, employed *Smith* in executing it. During this period he lived with his father in the Strand, opposite to *Durham Yard*, modelling and sketching for all who employed him, but continuing his other studies with unabated enthusiasm.

"From his twentieth to his twenty-seventh year Flaxman lived, as all young artists must do, who have no other fortune than clear heads and clever hands. His labours for the *Wedgwoods* were so far profitable that they maintained him; but then he was a frugal person, no lover either of strong drink or jovial circles, and indeed abstemious in all things save a hungering and thirsting for knowledge.—

The seclusion to which illness in early youth confined him, had caused him to seek for company in himself; and when grown up to manhood, and full of health and spirits, he still preferred his own chamber to public haunts, and casts from the antique and the poets of Greece and England to the society of the gay, the witty, and the beautiful. His feeling that disease had left him slightly deformed, may also, very probably, have had some share in determining his mode of life; Byron, we know, from his own melancholy story, imagined that all eyes were upon his lame foot; and Flaxman, though a man of a purer spirit if not loftier mind than the noble bard, may have shared in the same weakness. Whatever was the cause, there is nothing more certain than that from boyhood to old age he lived the same quiet, simple, secluded sort of life, working by day and sketching and reading during the evenings. Occasionally, when his daily task was over, he would work at the bust of a friend; but it was his chief delight to make designs from the poets, from the Bible, and from the Pilgrim's Progress. Such attempts, for so he called drawings of no common beauty, were only shown to favourites or to friends; they were arranged in portfolios according to the date of composition, and preserved as memorandums of his early notions and increasing skill."

"But the works he loved most were those which embodied poetical passages in the Bible, and with such was he ever ready to commemorate the dead. The churches threw their doors readily open to admit works which formed comments on Scripture: and so much was he disposed at all times to devout feelings, that he would all but give away his finest designs rather than lose such an opportunity. This was not the way to grow rich; yet in this way he spread himself abroad, and India, Italy, Scotland, Ireland, and the West Indies, can boast of statues and groups from his hand.—Even the distant kingdom of Tanjore acknowledged his genius—he made a statue of the Rajah himself, and a monument to the Missionary Schwartz; both of which are now in the East, and have been noticed in the precious Journals of Bishop Heber. He also made two monuments in memory of Lord Cornwallis, a figure of Warren Hastings, and a statue of the Marquis Hastings. Of the courtesy and generosity of the East India Company, Flaxman loved to speak. 'They have ever behaved to me,' he said, 'in a way at once graceful and liberal, and in every thing worthy of a Company who have acquired a splendid territory with less violence than any dominions were ever won, and who maintained them with more wisdom than history has recorded of any ancient or modern people.'

"He was now to appear in a new character. In the year 1810, the Royal Academy, after some thought, and not without opposition, created a Professorship of Sculpture, and bestowed it upon Flaxman. A small premium was offered for six annual lectures, and as money was never his object, he proceeded to fulfil the duty of his office with enthusiasm and knowledge. To his first lecture, delivered in 1811, flocked academicians, students, and connoisseurs: and as he took his seat there was loud applause. His works, and the reputation he had acquired for learning and research, bespoke respectful attention; while his singular gravity of manner, simplicity of appear-

ance, and a voice which, though not very musical, had a winning mildness of tone, added to the favourable impression. From the jest of Fuseli it appears that his expectation was little—he recollected himself at a dinner party, and starting up, said, 'Farewell friends—farewell wine—farewell wit—I must leave you all, and hear sermon the first preached by the Reverend John Flaxman.' Nor can it be denied that the singular sedateness of his manners, and the calm and unimpassioned tone in which he described the classical sculptures of antiquity, countenanced the joke of his fellow professor, and contributed to disappoint those who expected great eloquence or something rapt and poetical, and who forgot that the proper aim of one placed in such a chair is to instruct rather than to excite.

"These lectures are ten in number, and the subjects are, 1. English Sculpture; 2. Egyptian Sculpture; 3. Grecian Sculpture; 4. Science; 5. Beauty; 6. Composition; 7. Style; 8. Drapery; 9. Ancient Art; 10. Modern Art. As literary compositions containing a clear and commanding view of sculpture, ancient and modern—abundant in just sentiments and wise remarks—and such professional precepts as only experience can supply, they merit more regard than they have as yet received. The style is a little heavy—the unsolicited happinesses of expression are few; the illustrations supplied by poetry are somewhat common-place, and the dry catalogue of statues and groups, lost in the vicissitudes of nations, is, I confess, oppressive: but the account of the Gothic sculpture in England is as rich as a chapter of old romance, and infinitely more interesting; while the lectures on Beauty and Composition ought to be familiar to the mind of every student. The order of their arrangement is natural, and there is good sense and a feeling for all that is noble and heroic scattered over every page: but we miss the glowing and picturesque language which arouses the sluggish, and the unimpassioned counsels of the great sculptor fell upon the students of the Academy like a shower of snow. But, in truth, they who frequent the lectures of our professors, are in general a quiet and orderly generation, who listen with little emotion to the most glowing harangues. They never forgot themselves, save once, when they chaired and cheered Proctor, on his gaining the gold medal.—'Hearken,' exclaimed Barry, 'the boys have caught the old Greek spirit.'"

"Flaxman was small in stature, slim in form: he walked with something of a sidling gait; and his hair dark and long was combed down carelessly on either side of his head. It was a favourite theory of his, that the noblest spirit is ever magnificently lodged; yet when I think of his own little body and large soul, I incline more to the words of the poet whom he loved—

That auld wanchancie carline Nature,
To make amends for scrinpit stature,
Has turned thee off a human creature
On her first plan.

But whenever he talked all this disappeared: his forehead was fine: his large eyes seemed to emit light while he spoke: and the uncommon sweetness of his smile softened a certain proud expression of mouth and some coarseness of physiognomy. His dress was plain but not mean: a single-breasted brown coat—a waistcoat of black and white stripe, over the cape of which his shirt-collar was laid neatly down: dark cloth breeches, and ribbed mixed

stockings, with shoes and buckles, suited well with the simplicity of the wearer. He aspired after no finery—kept neither coach nor servant in livery—considered himself more the companion than the master of his men—treated them to a jaunt in the country and a dinner twice a year, presiding among them with great good humour; and on times of more than common state—the Academy dinners for instance—he caused John Burge, his marble polisher, to stand behind his chair. To his men, of whom he employed some twelve or fifteen, he was ever kind and indulgent. He made himself acquainted with their families and with their wants, and aided them in an agreeable and delicate way; when they were sick he gave them their wages and paid their doctors' bills; and if any of them happened to be unavoidably absent, he said, 'Providence has made six days for work in the week, take your full wages.' So generally was he beloved and so widely was he known, that had you stopt a tipsy mason in the street and asked him what he thought of John Flaxman, he would have answered, 'The best master God ever made.' Such was the answer once given to that question in my hearing. Nothing of the alloy of meanness mingled with his nature. When he approached a hackney-coach stand near his own house, down went the steps of a dozen doors, and off went the hats of as many coachmen—all were desirous of a customer who never higgled: when he purchased marble he satisfied himself of the quality of the block, asked the price, and paid down the money—no abatement was demanded; and he has been known to return part of the money for a monument when he thought the price too high. 'Flaxman, Sir,' said an artist of eminence whom I need not name, 'is inaccessible to either censure or praise—he is proud but not shy—diffident but not retiring—as plain as a peasant in his dress, and as humble as the rudest clown, yet even all that unites in making up this remarkable mixture of simplicity and genius—and were you to try any other ingredients, may I be hanged if you would form so glorious a creature!' He paused a little, and added, 'I wish he would not bow so low to the lowly—his civility oppresses.'*

"Flaxman usually rose at eight o'clock,—breakfasted at nine,—studied or modelled till one,—dined at that early hour, commonly upon one dish, and very sparingly,—then recommenced his modelling or his studies,—added a little reading,—drank tea at six,—talked with his wife and sisters, or with friends who happened to look in—and this in a lively, gay, eloquent strain, more frequently than a serious one; and when supper was served, conversed freely, and helped his friends largely, but took little himself. 'This, he used to say, was 'an hour of much enjoyment.' His kindness to students was unbounded: he opened the doors of his studio with no reluctant hand to young and old, and was lavish of his time and counsel on all in whom he recognised genius."

* During the composition of these sheets, I requested of a distinguished sculptor some information respecting his mode of study and his talents in company. "I cannot tell you," was the answer. "Flaxman, Sir, lived as if he did not belong to the world—his ways were not our ways. He had odd fashions—he dressed—you know how he dressed: he dined at one—wrought after dinner, which no other artist does—drank tea at six; and then, Sir, no one ever found him in the evening parties of the rich or the noble. He was happy at home, and so he kept himself; of all the members of the Academy, the man whom I know least of is Flaxman."